

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 374. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1876.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHIEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK II. CHAPTER III. AUDREY'S NARRATIVE.
LADY OLIVE.

"My first grown-up dancing-party was followed, within a few days, by my first grown-up dinner-party. The scene of that distinguished event was a very different one from the Lipscotts' house in the best street in the town of Wrottesley; and there was no privilege, among those which I enjoyed, that I prized more highly, than the entrée at Despard Court. That privilege had long been mine, ever since the time when old Mrs. Despard, the aunt of the present occupant, had been moved to pity for the motherless little girl at the Dingle House, and had sent for me to come up and 'play' at the Court, in the dreary days which I could not now remember, after my mother's death, and when the noise and liveliness of a child, full of health and spirits, were more than my father could bear. There were no children at Despard Court; but there were various things which delighted a child, and the old lady was very kind to me. There were the long corridors and the big rooms, whose rich hangings and tall looking-glasses afforded me my first glimpses of splendour; the cabinets full of pretty things, which Mrs. Despard would patiently explain to me; the delightful picture-books in the library; and, above all, there were the stables, the poultry-yard, and the dogs.

"Mrs. Despard and my father met rarely, though they were friends, fast and firm. After my mother's death, my father

dropped out of the way of going to the Court. I suppose he shrank from it, at first, because she had been there with him so constantly; but he appreciated Mrs. Despard's kindness to me, and they exchanged grave, kindly notes frequently—documents which had reference to my well-being chiefly. Mrs. Despard's notes to my father are in my possession now, neatly tied up and docketed in his own hand: 'From my old friend Mrs. Despard, chiefly concerning Audrey.' Then there is added a note, which had a sad significance for him, and recorded a severe loss to me—that of Mrs. Despard's death. After that event I went no more to Despard Court. The house was shut up for nearly three years. The new proprietor, Mrs. Despard's nephew, was in India with his regiment, and in silence and gloom stood the beautiful old house. Colonel Despard sent home orders that the valuable library, which had been a great resource to my father, was still to be at his disposition, and expressed a polite hope in writing that Mr. Dwarria would make any use he chose of the park and gardens. The horses were sold; the poultry-yard was maintained in a much shrunken state for the benefit of the gardener and his wife, who remained in sole charge of the place; the dogs were distributed among the neighbours, my father taking Mrs. Despard's two personal pets, Moses and Aaron, into his own establishment; and all the kindly and hospitable life of Despard Court came to a long pause.

"When at length it became known in and about Wrottesley that Colonel Despard was coming home, there was, not unnaturally, a good deal of excitement about the circumstance. To the townspeople it could

hardly be said to matter much; but to the 'county,' one more pleasant and hospitable proprietor, with all the prestige of a military career, was an attractive prospect. An unmarried proprietor, too, and still a comparatively young man! The combination was one which would need the pen of Miss Austen to do justice to it, and to the hopes and expectations to which, I have no doubt, it gave rise, but concerning which I have no personal knowledge. I was still too much of a child to take in the social aspects of events; and even if I had been older—if I had fully entered on my era of illusion about 'the officers'—I don't think I should have had any romantic ideas concerning a colonel. Lieutenants and captains were the model creatures of my fancy; they were 'the young, the slim, the low-voiced.' I drew the line at majors. There was Major Craddock, for instance—he never interested me; he was short, fat, red-haired, and red-faced, and he had quite a name in Wrottesley for being niggardly with his money. Colonel Despard came; but he remained only a short time at Despard Court; and people saw very little of him. He called on my father, but I did not see him; and though I was curious enough about the colonel, when he actually appeared upon the limited scene of our lives, my father was not a person to be questioned freely. He took Griffith with him, when he went to Despard Court to return the visit; and, when I got an opportunity, I indemnified myself for the restraint I had put upon my curiosity by asking my brother innumerable questions. Griffith was vague, however, after the tiresome fashion of boys. Colonel Despard was handsome, he said—but he did not know whether he had brown eyes or blue—and he had left the army and was going to Ireland, to see his relatives there; but he meant to live at Despard Court, and he and father had talked a great deal about farming and hunting. When I said I had no idea that father knew anything about either, Griffith snubbed me, and I rather hated Colonel Despard after that.

"He went to Ireland, and the next thing I remember is, that there was a great stir at the Court. Workmen were set to work on it; upholsterers' people were busy about it; furniture arrived from London; rumours of the engaging of numerous servants, and the purchasing of several horses were set afloat; and then came the greatest piece of news of all. Colonel Des-

pard was married! Married in Ireland, married in Dublin, to an Irish lady, his own cousin, and an earl's daughter. Long afterwards Miss Minnie Kellett told me, in her sentimental way, how much people talked about 'the gallant soldier and his noble bride,' and how it was taken very ill indeed by the 'county' that Colonel Despard did not bring the noble bride to his own home at once, but kept lingering on in Ireland just for the sake of the hunting, to which sport, it appeared, he and his wife were both addicted, and preferred it of the Irish kind.

"A few weeks later, another piece of news reached Wrottesley. The gallant soldier was never to bring the noble bride to Despard Court; the owner of the old place was never to be known to the 'county.' Within two months of her marriage-day the bride was a widow. Colonel Despard was killed by a fall in the hunting-field, before his wife's eyes, and close beside her, and she, having fallen fainting from her saddle at the sight, had been saved with much difficulty from desperate injury by the struggling animal which had come down upon his rider. The tragic occurrence made a profound sensation at Wrottesley, where it was supposed in certain quarters to be a 'judgment' upon Colonel Despard; though it never appeared very distinctly that he had done anything to merit one. But a general impression did undoubtedly prevail that he had 'brought it on himself' through marrying an Irishwoman and remaining in 'her country.' After a while it became known that Colonel Despard had left all his property to his wife, and the next rumour was that the widow was coming to take up her residence at Despard Court. She came; and for some days that was all that was known about her. Then there came a letter for my father, in which, in a few simple words, the lady of Despard Court told him that her late husband had spoken of him with respect and regard as an old friend of the Despard family, and that she ventured, on the plea of that friendship, to ask him to call upon her. My father obeyed the summons immediately, and I have a distinct remembrance of the words in which he answered me when I asked him what sort of person the young widow was—her terrible calamity invested her with an almost awful interest to my mind;—they were these:

"She is the most sensible woman I ever spoke to in my life."

"Is she very handsome?"

"Not at all. Not even good-looking, I should say. But that is a matter of taste, my dear, and you will soon have an opportunity of forming your own opinion, for she's coming to tea to-morrow."

"Thus it happened that the first house at Wrottesley which the Lady Olive Despard entered was ours, and the first friendship she formed among the strangers who surrounded her, was with my father."

"I can draw a picture of her, in my mind, as she sat in a low chair beside the window of our little drawing-room, in the spring twilight, and talked to my father, while I was making tea awkwardly and shyly enough at the table—talked in a low but perfectly clear voice, very sweet toned, and with just the least touch of an Irish accent in it. She was dressed in the weeds of a widow, when that costume had not been transformed into something as unlike a symbol of mourning as any dress composed of black and white materials can be. Her gown, of the plainest make, was entirely covered with crape, and cambric bands were folded back upon the tight-fitting sleeves. A widow's cap, which covered the whole head and concealed all the hair, except about an inch over the forehead, where a smooth bandeau of dark brown showed, was tied under her chin with wide strings of white muslin, and the wedding-ring upon her left hand was the only object which broke the severe uniformity of her dress. How bright, and new, and lasting that deceitful wedding-ring looked! The little circle had a fascination for me; I could not help looking at it, thinking of the day it had been put on, of the hand that had placed it on her finger; and wondering how it was possible that any woman who had seen what she had seen, could be so quiet and self-possessed—could, indeed, have outlived it at all."

"I could not gainsay my father's opinion about the Lady Olive's looks. It seemed rather hard, and decidedly contrary to all precedent, that a young widow, with so tragic a story attaching to her widowhood, and who was also an earl's daughter, should not be handsome. You may be sure I had the melodious nonsense of 'Lady Geraldine' at my fingers' ends, and looked out for level-fronting eyelids and a floating, dove-like hand, and all the rest of it, in the person of one born to tread the crimson carpet, and to breathe the perfumed air,

with such good will and strong sense of the fitness of things, that it is rather surprising to me now that I didn't find them. They were not there, as a matter of fact; and what was there was just a small, slight, lady-like woman, who looked older than I knew Lady Olive Despard to be (Miss Minnie and I had consulted the Peerage, and, indeed, that volume would have opened of itself at the page devoted to the records of the earldom of Linban), and who had nothing remarkable about her face except its expression."

"Lady Olive's complexion was fair and clear, but not bright; her eyes were light gray, well shaped, but not remarkable for their size; her features were insignificant, except the mouth, which was delicately formed and refined, but not weak. When the habitual expression of her face gave way to one which was only casual, that face was one which might be seen a dozen times, and not recognised the thirteenth. Its habitual expression was that of waiting—I can find no other word to express it—the look of one who expects to hear something, or to see someone; has expected either for a long time, and is prepared for either when it shall come. I suppose I did not read this in her face when I first saw it—no doubt, I am now giving the result of later and more experienced observation—but I did not discern that curious expression without defining it the very first time I saw her; and, in my sharp, half-shrewd, half-imaginative girl's way, I made another observation about Lady Olive Despard. She was very serious, and a subdued sorrow was in her voice and manner; but she was not the utterly broken-hearted being whom Miss Minnie Kollett and I had pictured to ourselves."

"The age of the Keepsake, and Friendship's Offering, and the Forget Me Not, still lingered, at least in country places, when I was a girl; and the ladies whose portraits illustrated the moving narratives of those noble works were ideally beautiful in my eyes, and those of Miss Minnie. How graceful and pensive, how refined and charming they were, with their big eyes, and their flowing ringlets, their aerial white robes, with no suggestion of the milliner and the laundress about them, 'with all the gown in one piece, and the scarfs waving by some preternatural agency, and their slim, useless, impossible hands.' When we had speculated upon the probabilities of the

personal appearance and manners of a 'Lady Olive,' one of these delightful images had presented itself to our fancy; and I distinctly remember a certain Rosina, in a Keepsake, who leaned over an Italian balcony in an impossible attitude, simpering sweetly at nothing, with a falcon on her arm, in whom we discerned the ideal of a Lady Olive. Very different, indeed, was the reality, and at first it was rather a shock to us. But Lady Olive Despard was one of those persons who grow on the liking of their acquaintances, turning them with no difficulty, if such be their pleasure, into friends. It was not long until I had 'got over' the facts that Lady Olive Despard did not in the least resemble Rosina or any other Book of Beauty ideal, that her hair was not golden or raven (black won when I was a girl), that roses and lilies did not blend in her complexion, and that her eyes were not at all starry. It was a little more difficult to get over the departure of Lady Olive from my ideal standard in another direction. Like many other careless young persons, I often dared to let my fancy deal with the awful griefs and calamities of human life, arranging them into categories of the more or less interesting. Among the former I pleased myself with the idea of early widowhood. There was something beautiful in it, I thought, in its abandonment to despair, in its absorbing desolation, in its rich romance of sentiment, memory, and association. The costume, the demeanour, the modes of speech, the daily surroundings of a lovely young widow, sheltered by the respect and admiration of everybody, with the dignity of marriage and the touching atmosphere of bereavement about her—all these had a fascination for my fancy of which I shudder to think now, when the terrible realities of life have been revealed to me. The idea of Lady Olive Despard appealed strongly to these absurd notions of mine, and before she came to Despard Court I had even gone the length of scribbling a number of very gushing and doleful verses, in which I pictured the broken lily, and the shattered column, the crushed violet, and the uprooted oak; in short, all the commonplace images which poetasters have heaped up ready to the hand of silly rhymesters, and made them subserve the purposes of my fanciful vision of Lady Olive's widowhood. Colonel Despard I depicted, of course, in the most glowing terms. He was the

bravest of soldiers, the handsomest of men, the most gallant of cavaliers, and the noble courser which laid him low was invoked as the instrument of a blind destiny, jealous of the great and brave. How ashamed of all this rubbish I felt, when, long afterwards, some one came upon it in turning out some old papers of mine, and, insisting on reading it aloud, while I was held at arm's length, dancing with rage and impatience, ridiculed with impartial mercilessness my metre and my meaning!

"The Lady Olive Despard of my reveries and my rhymes appeared upon the scene of our quiet life at the Dingle House, and dissipated my fondest and most cherished ideas. Not only did she not look in the least like a Lady Olive of the Keepsake order, but she did not fulfil her rôle of young widowhood to my satisfaction. To be sure she dressed the part quite accurately. Her weeds were of the orthodox depth and of the customary materials, and she probably looked no more, and no less, pretty, or not pretty, in them than in any other attire. But her demeanour scattered all my fondest notions to the wind. It was not interesting, it was not romantic. Positively, if Lady Olive's head-dress had not been a widow's cap; if Lady Olive's skirts had not been of black crape a yard deep, one might have fancied she was wearing mourning for an uncle, or even a cousin. Nothing could exceed the decorum of her conduct in every way; but then, on the other hand, nothing could exceed its calm. And she was always ready to be occupied and interested about everything, and in every one; I never saw any signs of reverie or abandonment to painful thought about her. She spoke quite freely and naturally of Colonel Despard, but not with the terrible effort and agonising attempt at calmness, which the naming of a beloved name, no longer spoken among the living, demands from the wretched survivors of the light of their lives, and the joy of their homes; and she alluded even cheerfully to the plans and projects they had formed in concert, for the setting up of their establishment at Despard Court, and for the life in common there which was never to be begun. All this was quite against my theories, and, as it is not in the human nature of early girlhood to acknowledge that its theories are most probably entirely wrong and unfounded, my fancy, confounded on one side, set off actively on

another, to seek an equally imaginary explanation of so wide a departure from the 'interesting young widow' standard, on the part of a person who, however disappointing in some respects, impressed an immediate sense of her superiority upon even my silly brain.

"What if Colonel Despard had not been the one love of Lady Olive's life at all? What if the first impulses of her young heart had been stifled and repressed, and the spring of mourning within her was a blighted love, instead of an interesting early widowhood? Then, in that case, her demeanour would be comprehensible, and my sensibilities would find another channel for their expansion, in which they would but flow more broadly and freely! Any one, with even a moderate comprehension of the nature of girls, will be at no loss to understand my frame of mind, and the curiosity with which the highborn lady of Despard Court inspired me.

"Miss Minnie Kellett was never tired of expatiating upon my luck, in finding favour from the first with Lady Olive Despard. The case of the Dingle House was exceptional, for some time at least, during which Lady Olive went nowhere. The 'county' called upon her, of course, and she returned the county's visits, but there the matter ended. She received no company at Despard Court, and she never left its precincts to go into any. No relations came to stay with her, and yet she never seemed to feel the loneliness of her life oppressive. We saw a good deal of her. In the spring and summer evenings we grew quite accustomed to see her come in at the little side gate, and join my father on the lawn, or in the deep bay window where he habitually sat among his books. Her coming to Despard Court made a great difference in his life, and even in his ways; he became more companionable with my brother and myself, and he began to take a more practical interest in me.

"When that fatal discovery was made respecting the imprudence which had impaired even the small remainder of my father's property, Lady Olive Despard was taken into his confidence on the occasion, and when Griffith's being placed in Kindersley and Conybeare's bank was decided upon—to the ruin and overthrow of my hopes and visions—the full approval of Lady Olive Despard counted for much in my father's satisfaction with the scheme.

"All this had occurred some time pre-

viously to that memorable occasion on which I had parted with my youthful illusions concerning 'the officers,' and experienced the delights of my first grown-up evening-party. Lady Olive Despard's seclusion had moderated itself in the interval, though she still led a very quiet life; and she was much liked and esteemed by all the Wrottesley folk. My father and Griffith still remained the chief among her friends, however; for, though she was very kind to me, and took a deep interest in me, I am sorry to say I did not welcome or return those sentiments as they deserved. I suppose all young people have the same stupid misapprehension of kind intentions, and the same touchy dread and suspicion of interference which I exhibited early in our intercourse with Lady Olive Despard, and which she, with her usual good sense, ignored. She did not, however, persist in trying to teach me or benefit me against my will; she waited, I have since thought, for more reasonable and propitious times. My father and Griffith might make as much of her as they liked; they might tell her everything concerning her own affairs, and as much as they knew about mine, but they should not force me to be confidential with her. They did not make the attempt, and she gave no sign that she perceived my stubborn mood. She was evenly, frankly kind to me always.

"My first grown-up dinner-party was, like my first grown-up evening-party, distinguished by three circumstances, of no very notable importance in appearance, but which meant something in my after-life.

"Lady Olive Despard received her company in a room which was called the Oak Drawing-room. It belonged to the oldest portion of Despard Court, and was a very fine and stately apartment, in a sombre style. The walls were panelled in black oak, very richly sculptured; and the ceiling was formed of the same, relieved by tracings of crimson and gold. From its centre hung a splendid chandelier of Venetian glass; and huge mirrors of the same, surmounted the lofty carved-oak chimney-pieces which occupied opposite ends of the room. The fireplaces were open, the back and sides formed of quaint old Dutch tiles; and the heavy logs blazed upon the wide hearths, behind dogs represented by brazen griffins, who held the ancestral shield of the Despards between their claws. The deeply-embossed windows were hung with curtains

of crimson satin, and a rich carpet of the same warm colour covered the oaken floor.

"Griffith and I were among the earliest to arrive. In fact, when we entered the Oak Drawing-room, Lady Olive 'Despard and two gentlemen were its only occupants. Lady Olive, who wore her almost invariable dress—a black velvet gown, with some simple pearl ornaments—was looking remarkably well, and, for her, almost excited. One of the gentlemen was standing by a table on which lay some volumes of engravings. He was examining one of these with the absent-mindedness of the before-dinner period, standing with his back to the door, but he turned as we were announced, and I recognised my partner in the first and other dances at Mrs. Lipscomb's party of the week before. This is, of course, not one of the three incidents which are distinct in my remembrance of my first grown-up dinner-party; but I just mention it. The second gentleman—this is one of the incidents—was a tall, handsome man with a fair moustache, and a complexion which told of much exposure to weather, and Lady Olive introduced him to me as her brother, Lord Barr.

"We were all talking very pleasantly, and I was enjoying myself much more than I should have thought it possible, beforehand, that I could enjoy myself on so trying an occasion, when a fresh arrival made itself audible; and Mr. and Miss Kindersley were announced. I looked towards the doorway eagerly, for the names quickened my curiosity, and my eyes lighted on a very lovely, very young girl, whose beauty was sufficiently refined and sentimental to fulfil the Keepsake ideal without its silliness. This is the second incident which marks that evening in my memory.

"The third is of later occurrence in the course of it, and is a very simple matter indeed.

"It was a splendid starlight night, perfectly dry and clear, and the ground was crisp with seasonable Christmas frost. The distance between Despard Court and the Dingle House was very short, and I was well wrapped up, so we walked home, Griffith and I. My partner at the Lipscomb's accompanied us. We talked chiefly of Lord Barr, with whom, it appeared, my partner at the Lipscomb's had travelled, all over Europe and some part of Asia, for two years. He gave Lady Olive's brother

a high character, and spoke of him with a pleasant enthusiasm. He bade us good-night at the little gate of the lawn, and turned back towards Wrotesley. As Griffith and I were crossing the lawn to the porch, I said to my brother:

"Did anything occur to annoy papa to-day? He seemed very thoughtful and absent this evening."

"I don't quite know," was Griffith's answer—"for I was so late I had barely time to dress for dinner—whether there was anything to annoy him; but he told me he had had a letter from Australia."

"From Australia, Griffith! Who on earth does papa know in Australia? I never heard him speak of any friend there, did you?"

"No, never; and I don't think the letter is from a friend, if by a friend we mean anyone he is fond of. He told me it was from our mother's brother, Mr. Pemberton."

"What! Our unknown uncle who has been in Australia since long before we were born, or, at least, before I was! How very odd! I wonder what the letter says."

"I don't know at all. But father said we should hear all about it to-morrow."

"I said 'Good night' to Griffith at the door of his room, and went to my own in quite a pleasurable frame of mind. I was young enough to find pleasure in uncertainty, to forecast no evil from tidings which were to be learnt to-morrow."

LETTERS AND LETTER-WRITERS.

STATESMEN.

CARLYLE has given us his opinion of the letters of Cromwell. He calls them "good," but very wisely does not claim for them eloquence, elegance, or always even clearness of expression. They were written, says the Protector's biographer, with far other than literary aims, in the very flame and conflagration of a revolutionary struggle, and with an eye to the despatch of indispensable pressing business, and "for such end they are well written." Superfluity the hurried general had to discard. "With unwieldy movement, yet with a great solid step, he presses through towards his object." "Cromwell, emblem of the dumb-English, is," says the Patriarch of Chelsea, "interesting to me by the very inadequacy of his speech."

•Cromwell's original letters are described

by the editor as having no paragraphs, and the conclusion or postscript is often written crosswise on the margin, indicating the impatience of the soldier-writer in the days before blotting-paper. The spelling and punctuation are as good as usual among educated persons of those days.

A few preliminary biographical notes on this Gideon of the Puritans will be useful as casting a cross-light on the portions of letters that we give, and will serve to freshen up the memory of our readers.

Long previous to Mr. Carlyle's labours, English historians had exposed the falsehood and folly of the old Cavalier-stories about the Protector and his family. The merest dabbler in local-history soon found out that Cromwell was no mere Huntingdonshire farmer and brewer, but the son of a gentleman of old family, and in a far-off way connected with the royal race of Stuart. Cromwell's father was both the son and brother of a knight. Mr. Carlyle has also proved that Oliver was of kin to that Cromwell, Earl of Essex, who began the rough Reformation in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and ended on the scaffold; and by that luckless ravager of church lands, property in the fat Fen country came to the Cromwells. From the village of Cromwell, on the east border of Nottinghamshire, the Cromwells derived their name. There is a theory that the family was originally Welsh, and called Williams. It proves the standing of the race that in 1603, the year of King James's accession, the king visited Hinchinbrook, where Oliver's grandfather, old Sir Henry, "the golden knight," lived, and knighted Oliver's uncle among other Huntingdonshire gentlemen.

The letters of Oliver's childhood have all perished. Of his bird-nesting and the wild-duck shooting in the swamps no record has been preserved; no school-boy letters of his to his six demure sisters are existing; no letter of his to his sturdy cousin John Hampden in Buckinghamshire remains; none from Sidney Sussex College, about the time Shakespeare was dying. When Oliver was eighteen, King James, on his way to Scotland, again visited Hinchinbrook, and Laud and the Duke of Buckingham were in the royal suite. That same year, according to Mr. Carlyle, Cromwell went to London, after his father's death, and entered at an inn of court, probably Gray's Inn, though Noble says Lincoln's. He now became

acquainted with the family of Sir James Bouchier, probably a rich furrier of the City, whose fair daughter Elizabeth he married, two years later, at St. Giles's, Cripplegate (where Milton was buried). The young Huntingdonshire gentleman then went back to farm, hunt, attend quarter sessions, and talk politics, for the Prince Charles was seeking a Popish bride, and the faithful were bewailing the prospect of such a union. About this time Cromwell began to suffer from hypochondriacal attacks, sent for Dr. Simcott at midnight, and fancied the town cross would fall upon him as he passed by it. A few years later we find Cromwell as a Parliamentary captain sent to search the house of his uncle, Sir Oliver, at Ramsay Mere, for his uncle was a Royalist and Malignant. The next year, 1628, Oliver Cromwell, Esq., of Huntingdon, appears in Westminster as Puritan member for Huntingdon, and on that eventful day his life really begins. In the unruly Parliament of 1629 the member for Huntingdon makes his first speech. Two years later Cromwell sells his Huntingdonshire property and buys a grazing farm at St. Ives. Seven of Cromwell's nine children (five sons and four daughters) were by this time born. In 1642 Cromwell becomes colonel of his regiment, offers to lend three hundred pounds towards reducing the Irish rebellion, seizes the magazine of Cambridge Castle, and stops the Royalists removing some twenty thousand pounds of university plate to King Charles's treasury.

The earliest existing letters of Cromwell date from 1642, when he was busy fighting for the Eastern Association. He is terribly in earnest, and quick and peremptory in his orders. The sentences are like pistol shots, as, for example, to Auditor Squire: "Let the saddler see to the horse-gear. I learn from one many are ill-served. If a man has not good weapons, horse, and harness, he is as nought." His eyes are everywhere. Again to Samuel Squire—he wants money: "Pray now open thy pocket and lend me one hundred and fifty pieces until my rent-day, when I will repay; or say one hundred pieces until then." He is to send them by Clister the trumpeter, who is to ride hard. "P.S.—I hope you have forwarded my mother the silks you got for me in London, also those for my dame. If not, pray do not fail;" and Squire, if he rides by Cromwell's house, is told to go in and tell Oliver's dame he is off to Essex, and he is to use the house like his (Squire's) own at

Oundle, or "Cromwell will be cross." In a letter to the same Squire, Oliver writes with a trooper's glee: "Desborow has come in with good spoil. Some three thousand pounds, I reckon." To Captain Berry at his quarters, Oundle, the same year, the zealous officer writes, to inform him of a secret meeting of the Malignants to be held at Lowestoff. Berry is to come at once with his troop ere sundown, and to let no one know his route. A travelling fish-hawker to the Cambridge colleges had told Cromwell of this plot, and handed over a letter from King Charles. Cromwell was rough enough sometimes, as these sharp letters show. In one note to Cornet Squire about searching for arms at a certain house, he tells him that behind the oven is where they hide the arms, and that he is "to hang the fellow out of hand, and I am your warrant. For he shot a boy at Picton Bee, by the Spinney, the widow's son, her only support." The cornet is then told to go riding through Stamford, Spalding, and Wisbeach. "Wildman is gone by Lincoln; you may meet, but do not know him—he will not you. I would you could get into Lynn, for I hear they are building a nest there we must rifle, I sadly fear." The following letter, from Cambridge, 1642, sounds like the clink of a sword:

"To Mr. Squire at Godmanchester:

"SIR,—Since we came back I learn no men have got the money as I ordered. Let me hear no more of this, but pay as I direct, as we are about hard work, I think. Yours to mind, OLIVER CROMWELL."

The same month an attack is planned on some Cavalier foragers. There is to be no child's play. Oliver writes to Cornet Squire: "Tell Berry to ride in, also Montague, and cut home, as no mercy ought to be shown these rovers, who are only robbers, and not honourable soldiers." He then tells him to call as he rides by at Costessy Park, and take away a case of arms and Mr. Jermingham's harness, "which lies in the wall by his bedside" (and here appears the gentleman in Oliver), "but move not the old weapons of his father's or his family trophies. Be tender of this, as you respect my wishes of one gentleman to another."

In one of these picturesque letters, dated April, 1642, Cromwell writes to Squire, at his quarters in Bridge-street, Peterborough, to tell him that his son is going with two troops of the regiment to take his Suffolk prisoners to London, by order

of the Speaker; and he begs Squire to get him a new steel cap; it is to be fluted, with the plume-case set on well behind, and to be lined with good shammy leather. "If you light on Eighty-one" (the cypher for some Malignant, and here come sharp words), "pray take care of him, and bring him on to me. I cannot let such escape; life and property is lost by such villains. If resistance is given, pistol him. No nonsense can be held with such; he is dangerous as a mad bull, and must be quieted by some means. This villain got our men into a strife at Fakenham, some three weeks since, and two got shot down and nine wounded; and the others lost some twenty or thirty on their side, and all for his mischief." To some tardy volunteers Oliver writes: "The East Foot are come in, to some six hundred men, I learn. Say so to these Biggleswade dormice." In a letter of 1643, to Squire, at Oundle, Cromwell writes, in stern anger: "Order Islam to keep the bridge" (it is needful), "and shoot anyone passing who has not a pass. The service is one that we must not be nice upon to gain our ends. So show him my words for it. Tell Captain Russell" (here's a wiggling for Russell), "my mind runs on his men's drinking the poor man's ale and not paying for it. I will not allow any plunder; so pay the man and stop their pay to make it up. I will cashier officers and men, if such is done in future." It was this perpetual rifling and robbing even the poor that made the Cavaliers so hateful to the country labourers, and led even to the rumour of their eating the stolen babies.

Watchful captain, watchful father, Cromwell writes anxiously, in this year 1643, to Squire: "Henry has borrowed of you fifty pieces, I learn. Do not let him have any more, for he does not need it; and I hope better of you than go against my mind. I rest your friend,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

A little later he writes to Squire, that a dangerous man with a peaked blue-black beard had landed on the coast from Holland, and gone on to Lynn, probably a Spaniard. "See to him. He will needs cross the Wash; stop him, and bring him to me. Be off quickly." Squire caught the man at Tilney, after a tussle, in which two troopers were hit, and the blue-bearded man was "sore cut, even to loss of life."

Presently, Cromwell hears that the Cavaliers have swooped down on three-score fat

beasts near Thorney; and he writes to Captain Montague, impetuously: "Pray call all in and follow them; they cannot have gone far. Give no quarter, as they shed blood at Bourne and slew three poor men not in arms. So make haste. From your friend and commander,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

Cromwell's zeal and promptitude as an officer are strongly manifest in these early letters. He has an eye to everything, and will have honesty and justice from everyone. In August, 1643, he writes to Squire to complain of some of the Suffolk troops requiring passes to go home to harvest. He is going to surround Lynn, and clear out the Malignants. Frankly he will not grant their unreasonable request. "Have they not had great manifesting of God's bounty and grace in so short a time? I am filled with surprise at this fresh beguiling of these selfish men. Let them write home and hire others to work. I will grant no fresh passes. The Lord General is against it, and so I am fixed in my mind. Do you ride over to Swaffham and buy oats for two thousand horse." Another letter to Squire is about a church, which Captain Montague has refused to help to "purify." Cromwell is roused: "If the men are not of a mind," he writes, "to obey this order, I will cashier them, the whole troop. I heed God's house as much as anyone; but vanities and trumpery give no honour to God, nor do idols serve him; neither do painted windows make men more pious. Let them do as Parliament bids them, or else go home." In a subsequent letter, January, 1645, Oliver writes to Squire, to buy dragoon horses, and offers him sixty pieces for "the Black" he had won at Horncastle fight, as he wants it for his son, who has a mind for him. A letter of 1644, from Cromwell to an officer, complains of his men refusing to wear the new red uniforms. "Say this to your men," says Oliver: "wear them or go home. I stand no nonsense from any one. It is a needful thing to be as one in colour, much ill having been from diversity of clothes, to slaying of friends by friends. Sir, I pray you heed this."

Cromwell's longer letters, especially his domestic ones, are full of kindness, blended with those frequent religious allusions peculiar to the Puritans of that age, and which we have no right, in such a consistent man, to consider as mere formulas. Here is one, written to a brother-in-law,

which is a good example of his ordinary style. It is a letter of sympathy, written to a friend, whose son had just been killed in battle, and it is full of tenderness of heart:

"To my loving brother, Colonel Valentine Walton: These,

"Leaguer before York, 5th July, 1644.

"DEAR SIR,—It's our duty to sympathise in all mercies; and to praise the Lord together in chastisement or trials, that so we may sorrow together. . . . The left wing, which I commanded, being our own horse, saving a few Scots in our rear, beat all the prince's horse. God made them as stubble to our swords. We charged their regiments of foot with our horse, and routed all we charged. The particulars I cannot relate now; but I believe of twenty thousand the prince hath not four thousand left. Give glory, all the glory, to God.

"Sir, God hath taken away your eldest son by a cannon shot. It broke his leg. We were necessitated to have it cut off, whereof he died.

"Sir, you know my own trials this way"—Cromwell had lost a son, Oliver, during the war—"but the Lord supported me with this, that the Lord took him into the happiness we all pant for and live for. There is your precious child full of glory, never to know sin or sorrow any more. He was a gallant young man, exceedingly gracious. God give you His comfort. Before his death he was so full of comfort that to Frank Russel and myself, he could not express it, 'It was so great above his pain.' This he said to us. Indeed it was admirable. A little after he said, 'One thing lay upon his spirit.' I asked him what that was. He told me it was, 'That God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of his enemies.' At his fall, his horse being killed with the bullet, and as I am informed three horses more, I am told he bid them open to the right and left, that he might see the rogues run. Truly he was exceedingly beloved in the army of all that knew him. But few knew him; for he was a precious young man, fit for God. You have cause to bless the Lord. He is a glorious saint in Heaven, wherein you ought exceedingly to rejoice. Let this drink up your sorrow; seeing these are not feigned words to comfort you, but the thing is so real and undoubted a truth. You may do all things by the strength of Christ. Seek that, and you shall easily

bear your trial. Let His public mercy to the church of God make you so forget your private sorrow. The Lord be your strength; so prays your truly faithful and loving brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

"My love to your daughter, and my cousin Perceval, sister Desborow, and all friends with you."

To his daughters Cromwell writes always with profound tenderness; and a letter to Bridget Ireton, in 1646 (the year of her marriage to Ireton) runs thus:

"Your friends in Ely are well; your sister Claypole is, I trust in mercy, exercised with some perplexed thought. She sees her own vanity and carnal mind bewailing it; she seeks after (as I hope also) what will satisfy. And thus, to be a seeker is to be of the best side next to a finder; and such an one shall every faithful, humble seeker be at the end. Happy seeker, happy finder! Who ever tasted that the Lord is gracious without some sense of self-vanity and badness? Who ever tasted that graciousness of His and could go less in desire—less than pressing after full enjoyment? Dear heart, press on, and let not husband, let not anything, cool thy affections after Christ: . . . That which is best worthy of love in thy husband is that of the image of Christ he bears. Look at that and love it best, and all the rest for that. I pray for thee and him, and do so for me. My service and dear affections to the general and generaless. I hear she is very kind to thee: it adds to all other obligations. I am thy dear father,

OLIVER CROMWELL."

The sister Claypole, mentioned in this letter, was the sister who it is said was a Royalist in her heart, and on her death-bed reproved her father for his conduct to Charles; but the story is entirely improbable. She seems to have been gayer, and fonder of pleasure, than her sisters.

And now, breaking away from the Iron Man who broke royalty to pieces, let us turn to a great statesman and heroic man of a far later age—the great Earl of Chatham. This son of a worthy Cornish gentleman began his career at Eton and Cambridge. He then became a cornet of dragoons, made the grand tour, and went into Parliament as member for Old Sarum, a grassy hillock near Salisbury, that at that time returned a representative. He soon began to distinguish himself by his attacks on Sir Robert Walpole, and ac-

quired a name for a high and classical style of eloquence. The young debater attacked with bitterness the small German policy of the king, and all acts of the ministers that trench on our national liberty. For this Walpole, with a mean revenge, unworthy of his frank, hearty nature, deprived him of the cornetcy; and the king, always small and spiteful, refused to accept him as secretary of war in the Newcastle administration. In 1746, however, Pitt, from sheer necessity, was appointed vice-treasurer of Ireland, and afterwards treasurer and paymaster of the army, with a seat in the Privy Council. Such a man gravitated irresistibly towards high honours. The king, when Pitt came to kiss hands on his new appointment, is said to have turned aside, and shed tears of hurt pride. In 1754 Pitt married into the powerful Granville family, and soon after, objecting to the great war alliances England was making, merely to protect Hanover, he was dismissed hurriedly from office. His great popularity, however, soon compelled his recall; and after defeating his great rival Fox he was constituted secretary for the southern department. His persistent objection to the war in Germany again compelled his dismissal, but popular clamour soon compelled his recall; and this time to the premiership. He controlled the king, and seems to have told him the truth with a generous frankness, unusual even in faithful ministers. When the Duke of Cumberland entered into a disastrous treaty with the French in Germany, the king craftily declared he had given his son no orders to do so. "But full powers," replied Pitt, with firm sarcasm, "very full powers, sir." As a minister—honest, enlightened, with large views and great energy of mind—Pitt carried everything before him; and our troops were victorious in every region where our banners flew. At home he ruled with a high hand and a comprehensive glance.

On the accession of George the Third, Pitt, finding that Lord Bute thwarted his wishes for instant war with Spain, resigned, accepting a pension of three thousand pounds a year, his wife becoming Baroness of Chatham; and, soon after, Sir William Pynsent disinherited his relatives and left his vast property to Pitt, who did not relax his grasp from any sentimental reasons.

In 1766 "the great commoner" lost favour somewhat with the people, by

taking office again as Lord Privy Seal, and accepting the title of earl. The rest of the cabinet feebly supporting him, Chatham soon retired, and never took office more. But though from a boy tormented with hereditary gout, Chatham still frequently spoke in the House, and defended the national liberty. He opposed general warrants, opposed the taxes that led to the American war, and blamed the house for their unfair proceedings in regard to the Westminster election. In his speech on search warrants he uttered those famous words: "By the British constitution," said this great speaker, "every man's house is his castle! Not that it is surrounded by walls and battlements; it may be a straw-built hut; every wind of heaven may whistle round it; all the elements of nature may enter it; but the king cannot—the king durst not." This has the true ring; so again in that dying speech of his against surrendering America, he rose at the end to true eloquence when he said, "Shall this great kingdom, which has survived, whole and entire, the Danish depredations, the Scottish inroads, and the Norman conquest, that has stood the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada, now fall prostrate before the House of Bourbon? Surely, my lords, this nation is no longer what it was! Shall a people that seventeen years ago was the terror of the world, now stoop so low as to tell its ancient inveterate enemy, 'Take all we have, only give us peace!' It is impossible. I am not, I confess, well informed of the resources of this kingdom, but I trust it has still sufficient to maintain its just rights. But, my lords, any state is better than despair. Let us at least make one effort, and if we must fall, let us fall like men."

The classic scene that followed when Chatham, rising to reply to the Duke of Richmond, fell back fainting for death in the arms of his friends, will be remembered as long as English history endures. A public funeral and a tomb in the Abbey were the generous but inadequate returns of a nation's gratitude. Four thousand pounds a year was annexed to the earldom, and twenty thousand pounds of the earl's debts were at once liquidated.

Though, no doubt, fretful as an incessant invalid, and often cold and haughty, yet the earl moved grandly and royally through the world. Wilkes says he had a manly figure; and before he spoke a syllable, the keen lightning of his eye

spoke the high aspect of his soul. "There was a kind of fascination in his look when he eyed any one askance. Nothing could withstand the force of that contagion." Fluent Murray faltered, and even Fox shrank back from an adversary "fraught with fire unquenchable." He was the sort of man you never saw without his wig and sword, and he was impatient of the slightest contradiction, as most men born to rule are.

We select from the great earl's letters the following, which were written to his nephew, the young Lord Camelford, as being full of courteous dignity and worthy of a grand old gentleman as Pitt was:

"Hayes, Sunday, July 17th, 1774.

"Need I tell my dear William that his letter, received this morning, diffused general joy here. To know that he is well and happy, and to be happy ourselves, is one and the same thing. I am glad that chambers, hall, and tufted robe continue to please, and make no doubt that all the nine, in their several departments of charming, will sue for your love with all their powers of enchantment."

The next letter contains grave advice on demeanour, to which an old courtier may be excused for attaching somewhat more importance than we in these careless Jack and Harry days care to do.

". . . I am very glad you have taken a fencing-master; that exercise will give you some manly, firm, and graceful attitudes, open your chest, place your head upright, and plant you well upon your legs. As to the use of the sword, it is well to know it; but remember, my dearest nephew, it is a science of defence; and that a sword can never be employed by the hand of a man of virtue in any other cause. As to the carriage of your person, be particularly careful, as you are tall and thin, not to get a habit of stooping; nothing has so poor a look; above all things avoid contracting any peculiar gesticulations of the body, or movements of the muscles of the face. It is rare to see in anyone a graceful laughter; it is generally better to smile than to laugh out, especially to contract a habit of laughing at small or no jokes. Sometimes it would be affectation, or worse, mere moroseness, not to laugh heartily when the truly ridiculous circumstances of an incident, or the true pleasantry and wit of a thing, call for and justify it; but the trick of laughing frivolously is by all means to be avoided. *Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est!* Now

as to politeness. Many have attempted definitions of it; I believe it is best to be known by description, definition not being able to comprise it. I would, however, venture to call it benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in little daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life."

WINTER SONG.

(FROM THE JAPANESE.)

KEEN the wind from Fuji's height,
Sweeping o'er the plain,
Nips the leaves with iron might
And drives the icy rain.
Makes the brook a torrent run,
Hides with flying clouds the sun,
And howls a mad refrain.

Weary lag the traveller's feet
On the mountain way;
Dark the path—the cruel sleet
Dims the light of day.
The village buried from his view,
Where to his love he bade adieu,
And heard her parting lay.

O she must wait his coming long,
As swallows wait the spring!
Although her lips have framed the song
To give him welcoming;
High on the mountain-path the storm
Has veiled in snow her lover's form,
And she his dirge must sing.

LEARNING TO COOK;

A CHILDREN'S LESSON.

THERE is a kitchen—in St. Mary's Clergy-house, Soho—wherein is sought to be taught real artisan cooking to real artisan children. All persons are welcome to see its class of cookery, are even invited to partake of the dishes, they have been lucky enough to see discoursed upon, and cooked. It will do all persons good to be acquainted with an institution so full of enterprise and charitable endeavour.

The Clergy-house was visited on a Saturday morning; on no other morning would a visit have been of any use. Artisan children are at school of another sort (or should be) the other days of the working week; they have only the Saturday vacant. It makes Learning to Cook a slow process; for twenty lessons (the Clergy-house course) mean, practically, half a year. A long time for little girls of ten and twelve years of age to keep theory in their heads, to fight the battle of good precepts against the haste and waste, the ill-conditions and ill-practices, of home. It belongs, though, to the very circumstances under which the girls live, to the very reason why the

girls need culinary tuition at all; it must be put up with, therefore, and things be left where they are.

"Is it right for strangers to come in?" was a preliminary inquiry, when the kitchen-stairs of St. Mary's Clergy-house had been descended, and there was some bewilderment, in the darkness and the strangeness, as to which was the proper door.

"It is quite right. This is the way; and we are delighted to see anybody good enough to come."

The speaker was the lady exercising the new ladies'-work of teaching to cook; it was the sweet-girl graduate in a recently-formed school; it was, let us say in preference, the purple-hooded Donna of the last-born university, in person giving entrance, in person doing the honours of her freshly-formed domain.

This professor of a revolutionary profession was a model of what her fellow-professors ought to be. She was young, supple, clear-voiced; she had a penetrative yet sympathetic manner; she was as patient as she was painstaking and energetic. She was dressed in a gown of a light-coloured material that would wash; she had an apron over it that was a real cover-robe, not a piece of filagree and pretentious art; she had good solid boots; yet the elegance of her could be seen in the natty lace about her neck—in, more still, the close and effective coiling of her brightly-glossed hair. She was not to be seen to advantage on that particular morning, however, she made known in a welcoming explanatory way. She liked to have ten pupils; that was her pet number, although she sometimes had as many as fifteen; but, owing to an examination on other subjects going on, she was afraid she should be found reduced to seven. Another cause for reduction of effect, and more serious difficulty, was soon apparent when a woman, the usual denizen of the kitchen, returned, bonneted and basketed, from some of the neighbouring shops.

"There's the eggs, butter, sugar, rice, currants, peas, parsley, carrots, onions, mutton," she said, "and they'll send the milk directly; but I can't get no pettitoes, nor yet no rabbits."

The Donna raised her eyes. "Why, I thought I had seen plenty of rabbits everywhere; and pettitoes, surely, can be had all the year round!"

"They hadn't got none," was the stolid and utterly prohibitory answer.

It was the usual barricade raised by indifference before the alert soul. A road should not be found; a slight deviation to the right or left would lay it bare and straight; but a boulder stood in the mid-way, and on that boulder only should the gaze be fixed. The result was that the Donna was obliged to alter her whole method and imagination. There being no time (and possibly no authority) for a battle, it was the best thing to be done.

"Dear me! It's very provoking!" she cried. "I had brought down my receipts for boiled rabbit, and such a nice butter sauce—here is my parsley for it—and one of the curates who is going to dine with us to-day particularly wanted to see pettitoes! And after having focussed my ideas on one set of things, I find myself quite put out to have to think about another!"

The putting out was overcome, however. The woman was despatched for some salted pork, in place of the missing meats, for some suet, and a small paper-bag of flour; and with the menu standing haricot mutton, Cornish pasties, boiled pork, pease pudding, potatoes, baked rice, hasty pudding, custard, and (for a special pupil) apple meringue, the business of the lesson was ready to be commenced.

To comprehend what this was, there must be a word first about the kitchen. It was simply the ordinary kitchen pertaining to the Clergy-house—its size sixteen feet, perhaps, by twenty, its place underground, its walls whitewashed, its windows high up at the ceiling, and too little relieved of the street's dust and dirt. Its furniture comprised Windsor chairs, a dresser, an ordinary range, a cupboard, a scrubbed table (with some propable wall-boards to help it), and a red-tiled floor. It was right that its features should have had thus such striking similarity to the features of its kin; under no other conditions could the cooking taught in it be worth its salt. The one drawback was, that as dimensions were small, the number of pupils was obliged to be small also; in this, though, again there was advantage, for it made it much more like helping "mother" at home, and the little women were not confused by space and grandeur it was impossible they should see elsewhere. As things were, they fitted in excellently.

"Ah, Rosie, you've managed to come, then," was the Donna's greeting to a little pupil. "Come this way, and help Eliza

to pare these apples. Get a plate and a sharp knife—but are your hands clean?"

They were held up to the pleasant and inquiring eyes.

"Better wash them," was the good-humoured verdict. "Then we're quite safe. Run off to the scullery"—it adjoined the kitchen, and could be seen into by an opening, or sliding window, in the wall—"use plenty of water, and be back quickly."

The child disappeared—she was an ordinary merino-frocked, holland-aproned, plaited-haired, little school-girl of ten or twelve years of age, as were all the rest—the child returned, and she and her appointed Eliza were soon taking the rosy cheeks off a pyramid of apples, and laying them skinless on a couple of plates.

Two more little girls entered, mated in the time of their arrival, as they were in the labour to which they were set.

"Now you two shall take," was the Donna's decision, "let me see—shall take rice pudding. You shall wash the rice, and wash the currants, and beat the eggs, and go through it thoroughly. Get all your things ready first. Pie-dish—that yellow one; it's deeper. Basin, spoon, cup—always break each egg into a cup first, to see if it's good, or you may spoil all the others. Saucepan. Now then, that packet is your rice; that your sugar; this the currants."

A few more directions as to plenty of water to wash the rice, plenty to wash the currants, and so forth, and the little girls were soon really and absolutely at work, and fairly interested in their task. A fifth child presented herself, and was set to scrub potatoes, as being the best way to properly wash them; and then two pretty and pleasant young women came, and made the seven pupils complete. These last were teachers of more or less advance themselves (of the artisan, or "Three R." sort, under The Revised Code); they had only become scholars again to take an "extra subject," though possibly it might not add to their professional incomes by tangible and parliamentary grant. The younger of them shall be called Ethel; the elder shall be known as Miss Cousins.

"Now, let me see," said the watchful Donna, collecting herself from thoughts of a saucepan that was for the potatoes, of a saucepan that was for the peas, of a saucepan that was for the pork, of various small saucepans that were for rice and

apples and gelatine. "I am glad you have come, Ethel and Miss Cousins; it's very nice and kind of you. Now, who is for mutton haricot? Oh, it was for you, Ethel, I remember. Here are the carrots and onions. Wash the carrots, please, and scrape them; then peel the onions, but save the peel, because we can make browning out of that, for gravy; and then slice them all, and fry them. You'll find a frying-pan, but be sure it's perfectly clean, and—after that, I'll tell you more. Now, Miss Cousins, you—oh yes, I remember—you wanted apple meringue. It's a treat, this, I must tell you"—this was to strange eyes and ears; looking and hearing their first of the Donna of St. Mary's Clergy-house—"it's not artisan cookery at all, but we are just having it as an extra. Quarter your apples; core them (the children can leave them now, and I'll set them to something else); then stew them, and pass them through a sieve. There's your receipt for it; oh yes, and here is yours, Ethel, for the haricot."

It was a regular business, this of handing about and consulting receipts. The method was (as well as substituting this wrong word for recipe) that each scholar should work from directions the Donna had written down, and then, at the end of the working, write it down in a book for herself. One (young) scholar's writing peeped into was worth the peeping. She had "potatoe" in it, and "peaces," and "peper," and "devide." There was somebody else, though, older, polished up to teachership (known, it shall be wickedly disclosed, by the name of Ethel), not without her little piece of ignorance; can it be a wonder it was somewhat ripely rife in the case of a small companion?

"What is this, please?" had been the way this matter of Ethel's had been disclosed; and she had her pen at a place on a printed form on which she was making some departmental returns. "I don't understand these letters?"

"Don't understand which letters?" said the Donna, uprooting herself, with a visible effort, from a basin and spoon, on which her eyes and thoughts were busily intent. "Which letters, show me? Where?"

Ethel was very earnest; in full expectation of some valuable culinary elucidation. "Here," she said, "these—K.C.B.!"

The Donna might have laughed. But the Donna merely said kindly, "Ah, that is nothing to do with cooking, that means

Knight Commander of the Bath;" and it was not till she was passing back to the business of the butter and pease, that she gave a bright flash of the eye towards where she knew there would be appreciation.

May there not also be a similar episode placed on record against the lively little Miss Cousins? She was sprinkling powdered white sugar over her accomplished apple meringue, flushed with the pride as well as the labour of it; and, powdered white sugar having evidently come under her notice for the first time, she looked at it curiously, and sought for information about it (as she did very properly throughout) by asking an eager question.

"How nice this is!" she said; letting the sugar pelter down daintily from her spoon. "What is it called? And can you get it anywhere?"

"It is to be had at any grocer's," replied the Donna, losing nothing of her patience. "And you may call it powdered sugar, or crushed sugar, or sugar-dust. And there is yet another name for it—so there is—caster-sugar."

"Caster!" was the echo of the little Miss Cousins, in deliberation. "Caster! Now, whatever for, I wonder? Oh yes, I can suppose! Caster—like castor oil!"

Now, the motive for setting down these little facts is not for the amusement to be found in them. It is for the proof they afford, that instruction in cookery was really being taken down at last into classes where instruction was deficient, and where instruction was no pastime, but a real living gift.

How difficult was the path, though, of the Donna, in her active work of instruction! Let no lady, let it for once and for all be understood, take to cooking-teaching, unless she has a masculine power of organisation, and the frame and the spirit of a Boadicea. A glance at the Donna of St. Mary's Clergy-house would give assurance of this, if any minds could contemplate a cooking-teacher's labours, and yet be led to doubt. The Donna had to mount a Windsor chair to reach a dish, say, that was her ideal; she had to attend to the two kitchen fires, and stir, or flatten, or heap them up with fuel, as emergencies required; she had to plunge her hands into cold water; to wring out boiling cloths; to have her fingers white with flour, and black with soot, and busy in a minute mixing grease; she had to

carry gigantic saucepans, filled nearly to the brim; she had to stagger under these, and yet to hoist them up to the required place upon the range, where they could get a boil upon a blaze, or a gentle simmer upon the slower hob.

"You are wonderful!" was the admiration that could not be withheld when this was seen, and when it was contrasted with what other ladies would call work, and would wish to be "genteelly" paid for.

Her powers of organisation were no whit less apparent. She had the whole onus upon her of the nine dishes that were preparing, it must be remembered; yet she turned from pupil to pupil, and from food to food, all the points well in hand, with no sign of confusion or bewilderment.

"Now, that boiled pork! Who is looking after it?" was her cry; her own occupation being to see that the carrots and onions for the haricot were being fried properly. "Is it yours, Ethel? Then run, and see how it is getting on."

"Ah, that is not the way to chop suet, child!" came another speech at another moment. "You'll be sure, that way, to chop your fingers as well. Put your fingertips in, like this, and let your knuckles meet your knife. You will never be cut then; your knuckles will save you."

"Rosie! Rosie! Clean those scales before you put the meat into them!" The Donna had rapidly turned her eyes elsewhere. "There! That is better. And it weighs, what? Two pounds how many ounces? Two pounds five? Then reckon it as two pounds and a half, and, with half an hour to every pound, that will take—? An hour and a quarter; yes; and, as we are to dine at two o'clock, we ought to put it down at—?"

The two little puzzle-eyed women, to whom the Donna spoke, had no powers for this. "Come, think!" she said, stimulating them to bring all their arithmetic to bear. She said it, though, without waiting whilst their poor young brains worked. They had to be left, stony and adrift, and she was off with an important word for somebody else.

"Your rice pudding? Quickly, to the oven, or it will be getting burnt! A cloth, child! It is too hot to touch without! Now, steadily, steadily; carry it to the dresser and put it down. So."

"Now, Ethel," for, before the hissing dish had left the little pupil's hands, attention was wanted in another direction,

"we'll put the vegetables and mutton into the saucepan to stew. I'll hold the saucepan; you put them in. Carefully; don't let any be spilt. You've washed your mutton, of course?"

Ethel had; and there was opportunity for the calculating children to be turned to, to be asked if they had yet done their sum. The Donna's kind eyes looked closely into the little faces; her voice was just as conciliatory and encouraging. "Well, have you found it out?" she said. "If the meat will take an hour and a quarter, and it is to be done by two o'clock, can you tell me when it ought to be put down?"

Most undoubtedly not. Subtraction had never been put in such a form (although it well might—when school arithmetic books reach more new editions, and cooking, somehow, gets thought of in accounts); so the children had to be released from the effort by being told, and had immediately to be set some other little matter to do.

"Come to this board here," this chanced to be. "This mutton wants cutting up for the Cornish pasties. Let me look at your hands. Oh, wash them, wash them, both of you! Never do anything with dirty hands! Always keep on washing, washing them!"

A look towards the visitors' corner seemed to give excuse for a visitor's practical remark: "Have you considered," it ran, "that the London poor cook in the 'parlours,' or the first and second and third floors; and that they have to carry down every drop of dirty water they have used, and to carry up every drop of fresh, from a far-away kitchen? Does not that make it an immense labour for them to do what you mean?"

"That is true," replied the Donna, pausing from a roll of her pastry-roller. "That is true; very true. But still"—she was quite vivid in her intention not to give up her point—"one would make everyone in love with cleanliness, you know, if one possibly could!"

"Miss Cousins!" was the next call to attention, through the aperture that showed the scullery, "your apples! you are forgetting them!"

Miss Cousins was jubilant when she had flown to the oven-door. "I am just in time!" she cried. "That side is capital! Another moment and"—Had not the Donna saved her, her pet dish would have stood a ruin.

"Now beat the whites of your eggs,"

directed the Donna. "Pour them out on to a plate, and whip them with a knife."

Miss Cousins was diligent in her application. Willing as she was, though, merrily alert as she was, she sighed over what was but a ponderous proceeding.

"I will show you," the Donna said, from a critical watch of her from behind. "A quick touch is wanted, and a light one."

A quick touch it was, and a light one also. The Donna held the plate on the spread palm of her left hand, whilst she whipped with her right; and she poised it, as the froth rose, to the slant, to the straight, and up, and down, and to the right, and to the left, and now broad to head forward, and now suddenly to the back, with the bright celerity and adjustment of a juggler. After a dash of strokes, showing her fine skill, and her pride in the art she was professing, there was a rare cloud-like ball of beautiful unsubstantiality for Miss Cousins to use for her little work of decoration. There was a murmur of applause, too, but the Donna the next moment was deep in a new occupation.

"You are slicing those potatoes wrong!" she cried, taking knife and root from a pair of young apprentice-hands. "There is a particular way to slice potatoes for Cornish pasties!"

There was; and the Donna was its mistress. She did not cut the potato apple-wise, leaving sharp corners (it was uncooked) to protrude into the coming crust; she simply dwindled it away by some magic shredding that left it still a ball, as she sent it diligently round and round.

"Now for your crust," she said, standing over the small worker, and showing the necessary touch. "Mix the flour with suet. A suet crust, always, for Cornish pasties. Pour in the water. Mix, mix! Don't be afraid! Keep on. Now flour your pastry-board, and lay it on."

"Stay," she cried, motioning the child away that she might take her place. "We will have four; so I will make the first, to show you. Look. Roll your piece of paste out; round. Put your meat and vegetables in the middle. Then draw the edges of your crust into a little hill, or wall, at the top; pinch it together, and turn it over exactly like a hem. Do you see? Then straight on, quickly, and do the others."

Things went on in this way for three

hours. If the Donna saw a saucepan wanted washing, she set a child to do it. If a knife were to be cleaned, a dish to be scraped, the scales to be removed, litter to be cleared away, a dropped thing to be picked up—her quick eye saw it, and she gave a prompt order for it to be done. Only once did she have to scold; it was when some knives were left to soak, and rust, in the dirty lake of water that was the sink. Only twice were her plans frustrated, and did she stand there foiled—the first time when small fingers let an egg drop to the floor, wasted; the second, when gracious attention to a visitor let some gelatine be on the fire too long, and get overdone. For one thing, the pupils had serious and primary interest in what they were cooking and helping to get cooked. They were to eat of it all, on its conclusion, at two o'clock. Pro-found policy, this; as judicious as it was humane. It made the fee for the lesson merely nominal; since it was only sixpence if the child were extra-parochial, threepence if it belonged to the church-schools, or were otherwise known to be poor and privileged; and since the child was fed for it, either way, and would get a dinner, of the rich and nutritious sort, that otherwise it would seldom see. It was a policy ruinous to the management, undoubtedly; for self-support could be no part of it, and it had necessarily to depend upon donations; but whilst the wages of the working-man are what they are, he cannot (be his habits unimpeachable, and his economy first-class) give his children the best food and the best instruction, and he must either refuse to let them have them, or allow them to be dependent for them on some sort of help.

The three hours that had passed had closed the practical cooking-lesson proper. With the pork boiling; with the mutton coming to a stew; with the pasties and the custard baking; with the potatoes flouring in the steam; with the *méringue* a testimony; with the rice-pudding cooling previous to being heated in the oven again; with the peas receiving their meed of butter and egg from the Donna herself (to give them the quality they required, to make them most nutritious); there was no active work but the hasty-pudding left, and that would have had no hastiness if it had been prepared an hour before it was to be served; the business was, therefore, to clear up all the implements and *débris*, to make the front-kitchen into

a dining-hall, to write out the recipes, and lay the cloth. All helped. Ethel took a broom; the two biggest children gave a genuine good strong scrub to the table; the little ones collected plates and so forth, and trudged with them away; Miss Cousins calculated numbers and counted up her chairs, and before the centre-table was taken possession of by cruet and knives and forks, brought out pen, and ink, and paper, and told the assembled pupils how the materials they had been using had only cost six shillings, and, as they would dine fourteen or fifteen people, this would make their dinners come to about fivepence a piece. A real difficulty occurred then; it was to get away without joining the diners, and gaining actual experience, by partaking, of the work that had been done.

"I am always so unhappy when visitors don't see the end!" urged the Donna, with every grace of hospitality. "And the clergy upstairs, who will join us, will be quite unhappy too! We make but one meal of it, children and all, and it would be so nice if you could stay!"

It would have been nice, indisputably—for the guests—but to stop would have been intrusion, and so we said a good-bye. It was a shame, too, to baulk the bright little Miss Cousins, as she was proudly laying out knives and forks.

"See!" she said, "we have very fair things for using. And they are all presents to us, every one. We have cups, see, instead of glasses; and we use them as soup-plates, too, and find they answer just as well! The spoons are only pewter, not silver, but that doesn't matter, does it? Here is a bunch of chrysanthemums, see, sent us to make us look smart; and last week we had a present of a pair of fowls, and we were taught how to truss them and roast them, and we had them for dinner, afterwards, quite grand!"

Well, it was all done, and the kitchen left in its new aspect of refectory, with the saucepans all coming prosperously to fruition, and the odour good. But Parisina had to digest all the details when they had been laid before her, and to make a speech.

"Two fires, did you say? Oven, boiler, saucepans various, water at the tap's turn, and a sink?"

"Yes."

"And was the meat new, fresh bought,

with the cost of a dinner only fivepence a head?"

"Yes. Exactly."

Parisina's eyes and hands, in her old way, went up. "And do you mean to say, *do you mean to say*," she cried, "that it is of any good to teach an artisan-woman, with a husband and six children (that makes eight, you know) to cook a dinner that shall cost her daily three-and-fourpence? And do you mean to say—*do, do you mean to say*—that an artisan-woman would have an oven and a boiler, and saucepans various, and all other utensils, with water at the tap's turn, and a useful sink? Go, please, everybody, to the cooking at a board-school, and see if authorities there have taken circumstances into consideration, and are wise enough to show how scraps can be metamorphosed into nutriment, and how the metamorphosing can be done with a kettle and a frying-pan, over the niggard surface of a triangular parlour or bed-room fire! Till then all this cooking parade and nonsense only makes me angry!"

Parisina's desire shall be attended to; and the result shown.

A LEGEND OF NIAGARA.

"It is very grand," said I.

"Savage!" responded my companion. "That's the right word for it, under its present aspect."

We were standing on the balcony surrounding the summit of the tower upon Terrapin Rock, looking down at Niagara, at midnight, in the month of September. I wrapped my cloak closer about me as a protection against the drenching spray, which pursued us even to the sheltering side of the tower, and acknowledged the truth of my friend's assertion.

The day had been stormy and wet, one of a week's continuous rain, and the sea of foaming breakers above the great curve of the Horse-shoe Fall (it was a curve then; now the ceaseless attrition of the waters has worn it into an irregular angle) was all swollen and turbid, as it hurried to the awful leap below. Plashing and pouring, surging, hissing, eddying and whirling, under the canopy of the black night, and low dank sky, the rapids dashed on to that inevitable edge, there to plunge—down—down—into an abyss of seething spray, from the vexed vortex of which

upsoared a great shapeless cloud of mist, blotting out, almost entirely, the cataract, and discharging itself in rain over the forest-trees of Goat Island, and the darkly-glooming woods of the opposite Canadian shore. There was no moon visible. The roar of the cataract, its drum-like, hollow, reverberating thunder, all seemed increased, intensified. The rock and tower trembled beneath our feet. Gazing at the troubled sky, the sombre woods, the vast, vague cataract raging down into that dimly-seen hell of waters below, I instinctively recoiled, and again assented to my friend's proposition.

"It is savage," I said. "I could fancy we were the only white men on this continent—that civilisation had passed away, or we gone back a thousand years, as I look at it."

"Exactly! It's the true sentiment of the place. Our Margaret Fuller" (the speaker was an American), "when here, imagined painted Indians stealing behind her with uplifted tomahawks. There can be no doubt that Niagara is highly aboriginal."

"Only those lights contradict us," I answered, pointing to the twinkling illuminations of the Clifton House, on the Canadian shore.

"Yes, and pleasantly. I wish we were there, or back at the International. Let's be walking, if you have had enough of this watery horror. I prefer the smoke of a cigar to the midnight mists of Niagara."

I made some remark on the oddity of the phrase, but still lingered, enthralled by the savage beauty of the scene. My friend continued:

"The red-skins understood the feeling of which we speak, when they fancied that a victim was demanded yearly by the spirits of the cataract. Apropos of which belief I can tell you a tradition that has escaped both Schoolcraft and Longfellow. I learnt it from an old Ojibway in 1848, when I was prospecting for copper in the Lake Superior region, and it is not devoid of interest. Come along, and I'll repeat it for your benefit, but not in this very rheumatic locality."

I readily assented, and a quarter of an hour afterwards, seated in a room of the hotel, beside a blazing fire, and soothed by hot brandy toddies, together with the nicotian solace coveted by my companion, he related to me the following narrative; the stormy voice of the great

cataract forming an appropriate accompaniment:

"Over three hundred years ago, and for ages immemorial before the white man had ever set his fatal foot in this country, all the inland region, from what is now Canada to North Carolina, and westwards from central Pennsylvania to Michigan, was peopled by the Iroquois nation; while the Algonquins, or Ojibways, occupied the coast of the Atlantic, and the extreme north and west, from Labrador even to the remote bounds of Oregon. These were the two great aboriginal races; all the minor tribes being included therein. Of their feuds and hereditary hatred there are innumerable traditions; but it is not my purpose to speak of such. Mine is only a story of individual passion, rivalry, and self-sacrifice, illustrative of the great humanising fact, that even in savage life there may occur deeds which equal in their involuntary heroism some of the most admired achievements of classic antiquity.

"The Iroquois were by far the more warlike and powerful of the two nations; their courage, ferocity, and cruelty rendered them victorious over all native antagonists. Among those who lived on the banks of the great Thunder Water, Niagara, were, prominent above all their fellow braves, two young warriors, known respectively as the Agile Panther and the Three Bears, and also, in virtue of the strict friendship which united them, as The Brothers, albeit no such blood relationship existed. The first owed his name to his extraordinary bodily activity and prowess on the war-path; he could run, row, swim, leap, and fight beyond all rivalry—better even than his sworn friend the Three Bears, who had earned his designation by the honourable achievement of killing that number of formidable grizzlies, the monstrous claws of which formed a triple collar round his neck. The Agile Panther could boast of no such decoration, but when his friend had been captured by the Mohawks, and was in imminent danger of torture and death, he alone had made a secret expedition for the purpose of rescuing him, and accomplished it by slaying five of the hostile tribe in single combat. His wigwam had more scalps in it than that of any other warrior of the Niagara Iroquois.

"Great was the friendship between The

Brothers. Together they traversed the dense forest covering all the western or Canadian banks of the Thunder Water, hunting the elk, the bear, and the bison, the roe and the reindeer; together they trapped the fox, the rabbit, and the beaver; together they fished in the sah-sah-jé-wun or rapids, or the great lakes Erie and Ontario; side by side they lay, in winter, on the frozen surface of the water, their heads covered with skins, spearing the salmon through the air-holes with their barbed aishkuns. And together they bound snowshoes on their feet, and danced or ran races, emulating the flight of the shaw-shaw, or swallow, in swiftness, or engaged in ball-play on the ice. Their words were the same at the council-fire; they lived in the same wigwam, and were inseparable.

"What could occasion division and estrangement—nay, strife and hatred—between such friends? The old, old cause of contention—a woman. They loved the same maiden, and henceforth were rivals and enemies.

"There came from the lodges of the Onondagas a young squaw, all of whose relations had been killed by the Algonquins, who had spared not even the women and children. No drop of her blood ran in the veins of any living creature. She was slender and shapely as the willow, with great dark eyes, and black, flowing hair, fine and silky as the golden tresses of the maize or Indian corn. She had a sweet, low voice, musical as a bird's singing, or the rippling of the streamlet in the nights of summer, or the moon of strawberries. She was also gentle and helpful, swift of foot and nimble of fingers, and skilled in all the accomplishments of women. She could weave mats of flags and rushes; dress and whiten skins for tents and raiment; string in the most beautiful patterns the beads of shell forming wampum; make sugar from the maple; dry, and pound into pemmican, the flesh of the deer or buffalo; prepare and cook cakes of maize or rice, and other Indian dainties. From a rather terrified expression of countenance which she had on first joining the tribe, in consequence of the dismal massacre of her people, she was called the Startled Fawn.

"I have said that the two young warriors loved the timid beauty of the Onondagas. They had been indifferent to the handsomest of all the young squaws of their own tribe; but the

charms of the lovely stranger penetrated their hearts. They vied with each other in bringing to the tent of the family, in which she was an adopted daughter, presents of game, and birds, and fish. Her smile was to them as sunshine; her sorrow as a cloud at noon; but they were no longer friends. The past was as a thing which had not been. They lived in separate wigwams, nor was the grass between them ever worn by the tread of each other's mocassins. They hunted apart and alone. When they chanced to meet, it was with lowering and averted looks, and soon with glances of jealousy, hatred, and defiance. Only in irony could they be mentioned by their former name of The Brothers.

"Of her two suitors, the Startled Fawn preferred the tall and handsome Three Bears before the sterner, though more redoubtable, Agile Panther; he had not the fluent tongue which, even in savage life, wins the favour of woman. He was a battle-scarred warrior, eloquent only at the council-fire. The Three Bears, on the other hand, needed but the inspiration of the most humanising of passions to become all that an Indian maiden could desire. Very pleasant to her was the sound of his voice; but the fervid regards of the Agile Panther frightened her. Wherefore, he became savagely, terribly jealous, and revolved evil thoughts in his mind against his late friend and companion.

"There would, undoubtedly, have occurred some bloody struggle between them, if circumstances had not induced another catastrophe. During the rivalry of the two warriors, and even before, various misfortunes had befallen the Niagara Iroquois. Their scanty crops of maize were devoured by locusts and grasshoppers; the summer, also, brought fever and ague; and the winters were of unprecedented length and severity, putting a stop to hunting. With the customary improvidence of savage life, they had neglected to secure a supply of fish, albeit the waters of the lakes so teemed with them at certain seasons that they could be ladled out with bowls; it was too much trouble to salt or smoke them. In consequence, the people were half-starved, and compelled to live on berries before the long-looked-for advent of spring. Add to these calamities, the tribe was defeated again and again on the war-path, against their neighbours and enemies the Senecas,

who lived on the other shore of the great cataract.

"Such misfortunes could not happen without a supernatural origin, in the opinion of the Niagara Iroquois. It was evident to all of them, and especially to the medicine-men, magicians, and prophets, that the Thunder-God and his seven giant sons, who dwelt in the vast caverns under the falls, and whose awful voices swelled and deepened their roar, were angry. No human victim had propitiated them by an involuntary death for at least three years. Darkly the old braves discoursed together, suspecting there must be a doomed man in the tribe, and proposing to cast lots until he should be discovered, and then given to appease the just wrath of the spirits of the cataract. All eyes were fixed on the Black Cloud, all ears were open to listen to his counsel.

"He was a very old warrior, who had outlived four generations, and become the greatest magician, prophet, and medicine-man among the Niagara Iroquois. What hair he had was white as the snow-drift or the foam of the cataract; and his eyes burned like those of a hunted wolf in a dark cavern. His people held him in the utmost dread and reverence. It was believed that he knew the language of the animals, and had the power of transforming himself into the shape of any beast, or bird, or fish; and that under such metamorphoses, he had visited the island which divides the two falls, explored its mysterious woods and gloomy recesses, and discovered a wondrous cave, the birthplace of the winds, and the home of the rain-bows, where he had conversed with the nee-ba-naw-baigs, or water-spirits, if not with the Thunder-God and his seven giant sons. It was known that he had journeyed far to the north, to the land of the White Rabbit, and sailed on the Big Sea Water, or Lake Superior, and beheld all the marvels of that region—the Striped Rocks, painted in beautiful vertical colours by the long-haired Memogovissioos, or marine men, who haunt those intricate wave-worn caves and translucent waters—the Thunder Cape, and the island where dwelt the great serpent, the cast-off skin of which would render any warrior invulnerable. He lived in a solitary wigwam, some little distance above the Horse-shoe Fall, and had bewitched the water, so that fire would flash out of it whenever he chose. The spot retains that peculiarity

to this day, and is known as the Burning Springs.

"The Black Cloud was also the great-great-uncle of the Agile Panther, his only surviving relative. Consulted as to the supposed necessity for sacrificing a victim to the spirits of the cataract, he summoned all the other magicians, medicine-men, and prophets, to a great pow-wow or council, at a sacred lodge, built especially for the purpose in the depth of the forest. There they performed their incantations, beat their drums, and shook their rattles and medicine-pouches, danced and chanted, and called upon their familiar spirits, and at the end of three days announced the result. The Thunder-God demanded the immolation of one of the best and bravest warriors of the tribe. They had practised their arts of divination to decide whom, and the choice fell upon the Three Bears.

"It was difficult not to believe that the relationship of the Agile Panther to his formidable uncle, twice-removed, had saved him from the fatal selection, to which, as the most renowned brave among the Niagara Iroquois, he was obviously liable, instead of his late friend. It was as impossible not to suspect that the crafty Black Cloud had controlled the choice, for he loved nothing human but his young kinsman, and notoriously shared his enmity towards his successful rival. That warrior, too, had once personally offended him. But whatever might be thought or whispered, there was no gain-saying such a decision. The boldest warriors shrank from disputing the sentence and incurring the wrath, both of the Thunder-God and of the exponents of his will, headed by the vindictive Black Cloud.

"We may fancy the grief, the despair of the Startled Fawn, and how utterly un-availing all she could say or do would prove in such an emergency. Women are but of small account in savage life, and a girl, an orphan, and adopted stranger—what was she that she should bias the judgment of warriors and hoary sages? Let her forget her lover and take another—follow the Agile Panther to his wigwam, and become the mother of as brave children. For the Three Bears, Indian fortitude, and his pride as a warrior, forbade complaint or remonstrance. The selection was honourable to him. The spirits of the cataract had chosen him, above all others, as the most precious offering to satisfy their grim require-

ments; and he was, so to speak, both the expiatory and propitiatory sacrifice of his tribe. His death would exonerate others, and reverse the ill-fortune of the people. There was nothing for it but to meet his fate like a warrior and an Iroquois.

"Tradition tells us but little of the Agile Panther at this crisis, except that, after an interview with the Startled Fawn, he sought the woods, and shunned all company. Who shall say what was passing in his mind? what struggles he underwent between the temptation to avail himself of an opportunity involving at once the gratification of the two passions of desire and jealousy, so potent in an untutored savage, and an instinctive conviction of their inherent baseness, prompting him to self-conquest and renunciation? thereby rising to a far higher plane of action, but one not unprecedented in Indian life. His pride, too, must have suggested that if the proposed sacrifice took place, it would bestow upon the Three Bears a posthumous immortality in the songs of his tribe, while he himself would forfeit his reputation as its bravest warrior. But his thoughts and feelings can only be conjectured from his subsequent behaviour. The good and evil angels within him, as in all of us, strove together; and we shall see which won the victory.

"Two days after the decision, all the Niagara Iroquois assembled on the banks of the rapids immediately above the greater cataract, to witness the sacrifice. It was a beautiful day in spring, at sunrise. Thousands of birds soared and sang from the unbroken virgin wilderness, the rich grassy banks, and the inaccessible woods of Goat Island, or skimmed with sportive wing the surface of the waters, braving even the very edge of the falls; the rapids rushed, and rippled, and shone like molten gold; and the great cataract flowed on in its wonted aspect of beauty, and majesty, and terror; the rainbow arching its abysses and the cloud mantling them, while the accustomed thunder of its multitudinous voices supplied the only appropriate bass to its tremendous music. To the ears of the tribe it was the giant god, and his inexorable brood, roaring for their prey.

"Moored to the bank by a strong cord, made of the bark of the elm-tree boiled, and dancing in the rapids, was a birch-bark canoe, in which the victim was to accomplish his short and fatal voyage.

It contained a supply of food sufficient for four days' journey, and fuel for four night encampments, those being the supposed necessities for a spirit's passage to the happy hunting-grounds; together with the warrior's weapons—his stone axe or tomahawk, his spear with its head of sharpened flint, and his tufted bow, and quiver full of brilliantly-feathered arrows. Adjacent, in a semicircle, sat the medicine-men, magicians, and prophets, with their drums and rattles, ready to raise the death-wail, when the Black Cloud severed the rope, and committed the occupant of the canoe to his fate.

"The Three Bears came forth from his wigwam radiant, triumphant, for in accordance with Indian ethics, he believed that the least manifestation of fear or uneasiness would forfeit the favour of the gods, and imperil his future happiness. He was clad in the gayest of Iroquois finery, wearing a hunting-shirt of embroidered doe-skin, fringed with ermine and ornamented with beads and the parti-coloured quills of the porcupine, and belted with gaudy wampum. On his head was a crest of eagle's feathers, and round his neck his triple collar of bears' claws. His leggings were decorated with the hair of scalps, shells and hedgehog-quills, and his moccasins of buckskin, trimmed with marten's fur, glittered with beads like the dew on the grass of the meadow. His face was also brilliantly painted with stripes of blue, and red, and yellow, as when upon the war-path, or adorned for some savage festival. The sages and warriors beheld him in grave silence, but the squaws and younger braves could not repress a cry of mingled admiration and sympathy. It was not swelled by the voice of lamentation from the Startled Fawn. Grief-stricken and prostrate, she secluded herself in her wigwam.

"With a look of pride and lofty confidence the Three Bears advanced towards the bank. Suddenly there arose a confused murmur and movement on the outer edge of the throng; it parted and made way for the Agile Panther, also in the full costume of a warrior. His face, the cynosure of all eyes, blazed with the enthusiasm of a great resolution. He uttered not a word, until he stood by the side of his former friend, and then turned, and confronted the crowd.

"'Iroquois!' he said, raising his arm aloft; 'warriors! this task is mine. I claim it as my right. The Great Spirit

has spoken to me by the voice of the thunder in the wilderness, bidding me come to him and alone, that his face may be brightened towards you and his anger averted. Let my brother return to his wigwam, and to her who weeps for him. The time will come when their children will speak of the Agile Panther. Who is there to mourn for him? Not one!

"But there was a great clamour at this, the Black Cloud interposing with the voice of authority, the Three Bears insisting on his own prerogative of self-sacrifice, and the rest crying, some one thing, some another. The contention did not last long. As though simultaneously inspired with the same purpose, the two warriors made a sudden rush for the canoe, coming into collision on the very brink of the rapids. There they closed in a desperate struggle, seemingly of mortal hatred rather than of generous and heroic resolution, the one to immolate himself for the sake of the other. Terrible were their throes and convulsions, but the Three Bears was no match for his antagonist: he was thrown, lifted by sheer strength aloft, and hurled backwards among the excited crowd. A triumphant war-whoop—a bound worthy of the animal from which he derived his name—and the Agile Panther was in the fatal bark, had swung the ready axe and severed the rope, and was gliding with horrible velocity towards the fall.

"He went over not like the craven victim of some wretched accident, lying prone and with muffled head, but erect, triumphant, victorious. And if it be true that whosoever shall lose his life for another's sake shall save it, who shall doubt that he did well, Indian and savage though he was?"

A CHARMING FELLOW.

BY FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE.

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "MARCEL'S PROGRESS," &c. &c.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE big room at the Blue Bell was full. It was a room associated in the minds of most of the people present with occasions of festivity or entertainment. The Archery Club balls were held in it. It was used for the exhibitions of any travelling conjurer, lecturer, or musician, whose evil fate brought him to Whitford. Once a strolling company of players had performed there before some fifteen persons,

and several dozen cane-bottomed chairs. There were the tarnished candelabra stuck in the walls, the little gallery up aloft where the fiddlers sat on ball nights, and the big looking-glass at one end of the room, muffled with yellow muslin, and surmounted by a dusty garland of paper flowers. Now the wintry daylight coming through the uncurtained windows, made all these things look chill, ghastly, and forlorn. People who had thought the Blue Bell Assembly Room a cheerful place enough under the bright illumination of wax candles, now shivered, and whispered to each other how dreary it was.

The coroner's jury had been out to Duckwell Farm to view the body, and to look at the exact spot on the bank where it had been landed from the boat, and to stare at the willow stump to which it had been found fastened by the clothes. And they had returned to the Blue Bell inn, to complete the inquiry into the causes of the death of Castalia Errington. A great many witnesses had already been examined. Their testimony went to show that the deceased lady's behaviour of late had been very strange, capricious, and unreasonable. Almost every one of the witnesses, including the servants at Ivy Lodge, confessed that they had heard rumours of young Mrs. Errington being "not right in her mind." They had observed an increasing depression of spirits in her of late. Obadiah Gibbs's evidence was the strongest of all, and his revelations created a great sensation. He described his last interview with Castalia at the post-office, and left the impression on all his hearers which was honestly his own; namely, that on Castalia, and on her alone, rested the onus of the irregularities and robberies of money-letters at Whitford. He did his best to spare her memory. He sincerely thought her irresponsible for her actions. But the facts, as he saw and represented them, admitted of but one conclusion being come to.

Algernon Errington's appearance in the room elicited a low murmur of sympathy from the spectators. His manner of giving his evidence was perfect, and nothing could have been better in keeping with the circumstances of his painful position, than the subdued, yet quiet tones of his voice, and the white, strained look of his face, which revealed rather the effect of a great shock to the nerves than a deep wound in his heart. Of course he

could not be expected to grieve as a husband would grieve who had lost a dearly-loved and loving wife, but their having been on somewhat bad terms, and Castalia's notorious jealousy and bad temper, made the manner of her death all the more terrible. Poor young man! He was dreadfully cut up, one could see that. But he made no pretences, put on no affectations of woe. He was so simple and quiet! In a word, he was credited with feeling precisely what he ought to have felt.

His statement added scarcely any new fact to those already known. He had not seen his wife alive, since he parted from her when he started for London, to visit Lord Seely, who was ill. He corroborated his servants' testimony to the facts that Castalia had wandered out on to Whitmeadow about nine o'clock in the morning; that he had been made uneasy by her strange absence, and that he had gone himself to seek her, but without success. In reply to some questions by a jurymen, as to whether he had gone to London solely because of Lord Seely's illness, he answered, with a look of quiet sadness, that that had not been his sole reason. There were private matters to be spoken of between himself and his wife's uncle—matters which admitted of no delay. Could he not have written them? No; he did not feel at liberty to write them. They concerned his wife. He had mentioned to Lord Seely his fears that her mind was giving way, as Lord Seely would be able to affirm. A letter found in the pocket of the deceased woman's gown was produced and read. It had become partly illegible from immersion in the water, but the greater portion of it could be made out. It was from Lord Seely, and referred to a painful conversation he had had with his niece's husband about herself. It was a kind letter, but written evidently in much agitation and pain of mind. The writer exhorted and even implored his niece to confide fully in him, for her own sake, as well as that of her family; and promised that he would help and support her under all circumstances, if she would but tell him the truth unreservedly.

Nothing could have been better for Algernon's case than that letter. Instead of being the cause of his disgrace and exposure, it was obviously the means of confirming every one of his statements, implied as well as expressed. It showed clearly enough—first, that Algernon had

given Lord Seely to understand that his wife laboured under grave suspicions of having stolen money-letters from the Whitford Post-office; secondly, that he (Algernon) believed those suspicions to be well founded; thirdly, that symptoms of mental aberration, which had recently manifested themselves in Castalia, were at once the explanation of, and the excuse for, her conduct. This letter, which, if Castalia were alive to speak for herself, would have been like a brand on her husband's forehead for life, was now a most valuable testimony in his favour.

Algernon's hard and unrelenting mood towards his dead wife grew still harder and more unrelenting as he listened to this letter, and remembered that Castalia had threatened him with exposure, and had resolved not to spare him. Nothing in the world but her death could have saved him from ruin. Even supposing that she could have been cajoled into promising to comply with his directions, she would not have been able to do so. She was so stupidly literal in her statements. A direct lie would have embarrassed her. And then, at the first jealous fit which might have seized her, he would have been at her mercy. Lord Seely's letter showed a strong feeling of irritation—almost of hostility—against Algernon. It might not be recognisable by the audience at the inquest, but Algernon recognised it completely, and felt a distinct sense of triumph in the impotence of Lord Seely to harm him, or to wriggle away from under his heel. Algernon was master of the position. He appeared before the world in the light of a victim to his alliance with the Seelys. There could be no further talk on their part of condescension, or honour conferred. He and his mother had lived their lives as persons of gentle blood and unblemished reputation, until the Honourable Castalia Kilfinane brought disgrace and misery into their home. In making these reflections Algernon was not, of course, considering the inward truth of facts, but their outward semblances. It made no difference to his indignation against the "pompons little ass" who had treated him with hauteur, nor to his satisfaction in humbling the "pompons little ass," that if all the secret circumstances hidden and silenced for ever under the cold white shroud that covered his dead wife could be revealed before the eyes of all men, Lord Seely would have the right to detest and despise him. Lord Seely had not treated him as

he ought. He was firmly persuaded of that. And as he measured Lord Seely's duty towards him by the extent of all he desired and expected of Lord Seely, it will be seen how far short the latter had fallen of Algernon's standard.

The Seth Maxfields gave their testimony as to how the deceased body had been carried into their house; how they had tried all means to revive her; and how every effort had been in vain, and she had never moved nor breathed again. The two men who had rescued the body from the water, and the carpenter who had brought the news to Ivy Lodge, repeated their story, and corroborated all that the Maxfields had said. There only remained to be heard the important testimony of David Powell. He had been so ill that it was feared at one time that the inquest must be adjourned until he should be able to give his evidence. But he declared that he would come and speak before the jury; that he should be strengthened to do so when the moment arrived; and had opposed a fixed silence to all the representations and remonstrances of the doctor. On the morning of the inquest he arose and dressed himself before Mrs. Thimbleby was up, albeit she was no sluggard in the morning. He had gone out, while it was still dark, into the raw foggy atmosphere of Whit-meadow, and had wandered there for a long time. On returning to the widow Thimbleby's house, he had seated himself opposite to the blazing fire in the kitchen, staring at it, and muttering to himself like a man in a feverish dream.

Nevertheless, when the due time arrived, he entered the room at the Blue Bell to give his evidence, with a quiet steady gait. His appearance there produced a profound impression.

A stranger contrast than he presented to the Whitford burghers by whom he was surrounded could scarcely be imagined. Not only were his bodily shape and colouring different from theirs, but the expression of his face was almost unearthly. There was some subtle contradiction between the expression of David Powell's sorrow-laden eyes and brow, and that of the mouth, with its tightly-closed lips drawn back at the corners with what on ordinary faces would have been a smile. But on his face being coupled with a singular pinched look of

the nostrils and a strained tightness of the upper lip, it became something which troubled the beholder with a sense of inexplicable pain—almost terror.

As he advanced along the room, there was a hush of attentive expectation, during which Dr. Evans, the coroner, curiously examined the Methodist preacher with grave professional eyes. After a few preliminary questions, to which Powell gave brief, clear answers, he said, "I have been brought hither to testify in this matter. I am an instrument in the hands of the great and terrible God. He works not as men work. In his hand all tools are alike."

"What can you tell us of the death of this unfortunate lady, Mr. Powell?" asked the coroner, quietly. "You were the first to see her struggling in the water, were you not? And you made a gallant effort to save her."

"She struggled but little. She went to her death as a lamb to the slaughter; nay, as a victim who desires to die."

Powell spoke in a low but distinct voice; broken and harsh, indeed, compared with what it once was, but still with a soft tremulous note in it now and then, that seemed to stir deep fibres of feeling in the hearts of those who heard him. In such a tone it was that he uttered the words, "as a victim who desires to die." And tears sprang into the eyes of many from sheer emotional sympathy with the sound of his voice.

"You are of opinion, then, Mr. Powell," said the coroner, "that the deceased wilfully put an end to her own life."

"You think that she was not in a state of mind to be responsible for her actions?"

"She was murdered!" said Powell, in a distinct, grating tone, which was audible in every corner of the crowded room.

Now ready, price 5s. 6d., bound in green cloth,

THE FOURTEENTH VOLUME

OF THE NEW SERIES OF

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

To be had of all Booksellers.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

SL
D
C

er

er

C

ase

can

NI

AF

pa

pa

U

A

S

CH

CH

CH

CH

CH

CH

CH

CH

CH

CH

CH

CH

CH

CH

CH

CH

CH

CH

CH

CH

CH

CH

CH

DR. ROOKE'S

ANTI-LANCET.

All who wish to preserve health and thus prolong life, should read Dr. Rooke's Anti-Lancet, or Handy Guide to Domestic Medicine, which can be had GRATIS from any Chemist, or POST FREE from Dr. Rooke, Scarborough.

Concerning this book, which contains 168 pages, the late eminent author, Sheridan Knowles, observed:—"It will be an incalculable boon to every person who can read and think."

CROSBY'S

BALSAMIC

COUGH ELIXIR.

Is specially recommended by several eminent Physicians, and by DR. ROOKE, Scarborough, Author of the "Anti-Lancet."

It has been used with the most signal success for Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Coughs, Influenza, Consumptive Night Sweats, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, and all affections of the Throat and Chest.

Sold in Bottles, at 1s. 3d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each, by all respectable Chemists, and wholesale by JAMES M. CROSBY, Chemist, Scarborough.

* Invalids should read Crosby's Prize Treatise on "DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND AIR-VESSLS," a copy of which can be had GRATIS of all Chemists.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE

PULVERMACHER'S IMPROVED PATENT GALVANIC CHAIN BANDS, BELTS, & BATTERIES

A self-applicable curative, perfectly harmless, and vastly superior to other remedies.

Though externally applied it has an internal action, physiologically, physically, and chemically upon the system, assisting nature to re-establish the normal balance of health and vigour, as witness the remarkable cures daily effected in cases of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, GOUT, DEAFNESS, HEAD AND TOOTH ACHES, PARALYSIS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, and Functional Derangements, &c., by means of PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC APPLIANCES, when all other remedies have failed.

A few of the daily increasing number of testimonials communicated by grateful patients are reproduced in the pamphlet "Galvanism, Nature's Chief Restorer of Impaired Vital Energy," post free on application to

J. L. Pulvermacher's Galvanic Establishment, 194, Regent Street, London, W.

ESTABLISHED 1862.

F. MOEDER, UPHOLSTERER & GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHER.

LARGE USEFUL STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

ALL GOODS WARRANTED.

EASY TERMS.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

249 & 250, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

CHLORODYNE.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S

CHLORODYNE is admitted by the Profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered.

CHLORODYNE is the best remedy known for Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma.

CHLORODYNE acts like a charm in Diarrhoea, and is the only specific in Cholera and Dysentery.

CHLORODYNE effectually cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy, Hysteria, Palpitation, and Spasms.

CHLORODYNE is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Meningitis, &c.

"It is without doubt the most valuable and certain Anodyne we have."—J. C. Baker, Esq., M.D., Bideford.

"I consider it the most valuable medicine known."—Dr. M'Millman, of New Galloway, Scotland.

"Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he received a despatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manilla, to the effect that Cholera has been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE."—See *Lancet*, 1st December, 1864.

CAUTION.—BEWARE OF PIRACY AND IMITATIONS.

CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was, undoubtedly, the Inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the Defendant, FREEMAN, was deliberately untrue, which he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See *Times*, 13th July, 1864.

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. None is genuine without the words "Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE" on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle.

SOLE MANUFACTURER: J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON.

GRAND GOLD



MOSCOW.

Two Gold Medals
THREE ROYAL WARRANTS.

ACADÉMIE NATIONALE



PARIS.

NEVER BE WITHOUT

KEEN'S MUSTARD





The Manufacturers guarantee that all square Canisters covered with their well-known RED and YELLOW LABELS contain only the FINEST MUSTARD, the quality of which will maintain the reputation acquired by their FIRM during the last 130 YEARS.

Robinson's Patent Groats and Barley

These preparations have been before the public for more than Half a Century, and on account of their purity and nutriment are much esteemed as diets for the infant, the invalid, and the aged.

KINGSFORD'S OSWEGO PREPARED CORN.

 The ORIGINAL and BEST of all similar preparations. 

DR. HASSALL reports:—"The OSWEGO CORN FLOUR has been known to me for many years; it is very pure, and may be regarded chemically and dietetically as an Arrowroot; taken in conjunction with Milk or Beef Tea, it constitutes a valuable article of diet for Infants and Young Children."

The above well-known Articles can be obtained of most Family Grocers, Oilmen, &c.

KEEN, ROBINSON, BELLVILLE, AND CO., LONDON.